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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (NO. 186)

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ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: Ranger Song.

ANNOUNCER: Again we take you to the Pine Cone National Forest District, where our friend Ranger Jim Robbins is on the job as guardian and manager of the public forest resources. Many of the great mountain ranges of the country are in large part within the boundaries of our National Forests, which are protected and administered by the Federal Government for the use and enjoyment of all the people of the United States. You will find the National Forests freely open to you for all legitimate purposes. The few regulations that apply to visitors are for the protection of the forests, the safeguarding of public health, and the perpetuation of the public benefits to be derived from wise use of the land.

Well, we're going up to the Pine Cone Ranger Station now and spend a little while with Ranger Jim and Boss Robbins during the evening at home around the fireplace. Looks like a few of the neighbors have dropped in for the evening -- yes, there's Mary Holloway, the school teacher at Winding Creek, and a couple of other folks. Mayor Mayhill got Ranger Jim in a story-telling mood. -- Here they are:

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, I'm sure glad you folks dropped in tonight. Bess and I were just saying we hoped somebody would stop into the Ranger Station tonight so's to give us an excuse to pop some corn in the fire place.

VOICE: That sure sounds good, Jim. Fire's just right to pop corn.

JIM: Yep.

BESS: (GOING OFF) I'll get the long-handled poppers right now, Jim.

JIM: That's fine. -- Move up a little closer to the fire, Chude, why don't you? I'll let you handle one of the poppers while I handle the other.

MARY: Oh, let me take the other one, Mr. Robbins. Then you can tell us a story.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Who, me? I don't know any stories.

MARY: Oh, yes, Mr. Robbins, please. Tell us some stories about the Forest Service. -- We all want him to, don't we?

(TWO OR THREE VOICES: "We sure do" - "You bet," etc.)

MARY: There. Now, you've got to, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well ---

BESS: (COMING UP) Here's the poppers, Jim. They're all filled, all ready.

JIM: Fine. Here, you take this one, Chuck.

MARY: Let me have the other one.

JIM: All right.

VOICE: Now let's have that story.

JIM: Story, huh? What do you want me to tell about?

MARY: Tell us what you did today, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Today? -- Oh I spent most of the day tryin' to keep our livestock grazing permittees satisfied. We're getting more applications for grazing permits on the National Forest this year than we've got range for -- I'm afraid it's going to be a tough job keeping everybody happy.

VOICE: I reckon it is.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Some of these ranchers around here certainly can do plenty of arguing. -- Which reminds me -- I just heard the other day that my old friend You Cang had died.

MARY: You Cang?

JIM: Yep. I reckon You Cang was the Forest Service's only Chinese grazing permittee. He was a modest, mild mannered, soft spoken old man all the time, except then it came to his grazing permit, and then he sure could put up a hot argument to the Rangers.

VOICE: What was this, Jim?

JIM: Down on the Coronado National Forest in Arizona. You Cang was a sort of a "fixture" on the Coronado. He'd lived in the region since long before the National Forest came into being, and nobody knew how old he was. He kept a little store near Washington Camp. -- You Cang was soft-spoken and modest. like I said, but he knew how to take care of himself. Once a bunch of hard hombres from Mexico rode up and raided his store, but You Cang showed 'em he was a hard-shooting hombre himself. He got two of 'em and chased the others back to Mexico.

VOICE: I guess he could take care of himself, all right.

JIM: Yep. -- Well, in spite of all the arguments over grazing allotments, You Cang was a mighty good friend of the Rangers. When this country entered the War, he was rated as an alien and so was in danfer of losing his grazing permit. He claimed he was born in California, though, and was an American Citizen. Anyway, the boys helped him get a special order from the Secretary of Agriculture so he could hold his permit to graze cattle on the Forest. -- I reckon he was a better American citizen than some I've heard of that hold claim to that title.

VOICE: The rangers saw that he got a square deal, huh? That was mighty nice.

JIM: Yep.

MARY: Here, this popperfall is ready Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Empty it in the dishpan here, Mary. We'll want to have a whole dish-pan full of corn while we're at it.

JIM: That's right. -- Mom. Smells good, doesn't it? Guess I'll have to have a handful right now.

BESS: Oh, wait till I salt it, Jim.

JIM: Can't wait. -- Mom -- (WITH MOUTHFUL) Speaking of salt -- Reminds me of the time we had a bunch of timber-men out working on the Coconino National Forest --

MARY: What happened, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, the boys had their camp on Mormon Lake -- they were taking turns doing the cooking -- and all the rest of 'em were doing a lot of grumbling and kicking about the food and the culinary defects of the poor fellow that happened to have the cooking job, no matter which one it was. -- Well, finally they got up an agreement among the crew that the next one to make any derogatory remarks about the food would get the job cooking, right then and there.

BESS: Not a bad rule, at that.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, maybe. -- Anyway, the boys shut right up pronto, and for a long time there wasn't a single word about the food. The fellow that was holding down the job as master of the frying pan began to think he was stuck on the job for the rest of the season. So he began turning out the awfulest concoctions he could throw together -- used salt by the handful -- and still no kicks. -- Finally one morning, the boys were eating breakfast -- suffering in silence -- but pretty soon one of the boys took a sip on his coffee and went right up in the air. "By crickety" he hollered, "this doggone coffee's saltier than a flock of oceans -- BUT -- but he adds quickly, "That's just the way I like it."

(LAUGHTER)

MARY: Well -- now see if this pop-corn's too salty, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Nope -- (CHUCKLES) Just the way I like it.

BESS: You'd better say that.

JIM: Sure. You couldn't find any better corn -- from the Chugach (pr. Choo' - gatch) to the Ocala.

MARY: Where's the Chugach?

JIM: The Chugach National Forest? -- way up in Alaska.

MARY: Where's the Ocala?

JIM: The Ocala Forest is down in Florida.

VOICE: You sure go from one extreme to the other with your National Forests.

JIM: Yep. There's plenty of variety, all right. Nearly every important forest type in the country is represented in the National Forests.

MARY: What is the Ocala National Forest like?

JIM: Well, it's a little bit different from what you're used to on the Pine Cone. For instance, one of the new campgrounds the Forest Service has fixed up for auto tourists is in a grove of fine old oaks, with the Spanish moss hanging down in beautiful long streamers. Then there's a fringe of palmettos all around.

VOICE: That's different, all right.

JIM: They call the Ocala the fisherman's paradise. There's a lot of lakes around there, and you can catch croppies and bass and other kinds of good eating fish. -- Then if you want to go alligator hunting --

MARY: Oooh -- not me!

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, some folks like it. And alligator hunting's permitted in some of the smaller ponds and river bottoms, in the Forest. There's other good hunting too, -- deer and ducks and wild hogs and smaller game. The Forest Service is looking after the wildlife on the Ocala, just like all the other Forests -- part of the Ocala is a game refuge, and other parts are open to hunting. -- And we've got some interesting wildlife down there, too. Take around Zay Prairie Lake, for instance, -- that's a beautiful lake and you can drive clear around it -- like as not you'll see several kinds of wild ducks on the lake, or run onto some deer or wild hogs back in the woods. Then you'll see big cranes and herons in the marshy places, waiting there patiently 'till a frog or a small fish comes in reach. And there's a bird they call the Mexican cormorant, or water turkey, that you can see, sitting on an old snag with its wings half spread out. And gray and black squirrels frisking about in the moss covered trees. There's wildcats and a few panther back in the deeper jungles, too, but you needn't be scared of 'em.(CHUCKLES) -- except I'd advise against trying to catch any of 'em by their tails.

MARY: Don't worry - we won't.

JIM: Well -- along with the fishing and wildlife, the Forest Service is building up the timber growing possibilities on the Ocala, and developing the recreational facilities, and all the other resources, so that the Forest will help to support local industries on a permanent basis - and make a continuing contribution to the economic welfare of the communities. You see, we're building up the resources and values down there on land that was once pretty much depleted of all its values. When the National Forest was established it was pretty much waste land, but we're building it up as fast as we can. -- It's an interesting Forest - (CHUCKLES) I reckon I could go on talking about it the rest of the night but I seem to be kinda getting behind on the popcorn.

MARY: Here, have some, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thanks. -- Mmm. -- That's good corn. Looks like you've got the right technique when it comes to popping corn Mary.

MARY: I think it always seems to pop better on a cold night like this.

BESS: It's a crisp, cold night, all right. I guess it's quite different here from the Ocala National Forest.

VOICE: I'll say. We sure get plenty of cold weather up in this neck of the woods.

JIM: Oh now, it aint so bad, compared to some places. Up in the high country, right here in the Pine Cone District, she gets a lot colder than this, you know. And the snow's come earlier and stay later. Makes it hard on the boys working up there. with such a short open season.

VOICE: Yeah. I guess it does.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I'll have to tell you about the "poem" one of the boys wrote during a long spell of bad weather. It was John Gill, one of the Forest Service boys on the Routt National Forest in Colorado. He was working on a trail-building job up on the Hahn's Peak District, and his poem -- he called it "The Storm" -- it went something like this:

We were crowded in the bunk-house;
Not a soul did dare to sleep.
'Twas midnight up at Three Forks,
And the snow was six feet deep.

When the storm was over
And the sun began to shine,
We scooped snow off the cattle
And they were looking fine.

Then we lifted our arms to Heaven;
Said: "Thank God for just one thing --
Today's the glorious Fourth of July,
And it won't be long 'till Spring."

(LAUGHTER)

ANNOUNCER: Well -- from Florida sunshine to deep winter snows --
Ranger Jim Robbins sure took us around today. -- And we'll
be back with Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers on the air again
next week.

This program is presented by the National Broadcasting
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